Cat. He will do all in all as *Hastings* doth.
Buc. Well then no more but this:
Go gentle *Catesby*, and as it were a farre off,
Sound Lord *Hastings*, how he stands affected
Vnto our purpose, If he be willing,
Encourage him and shew him all our reasons:
If he be leaden, icy, cold, vnwilling,
Be thou so too: and so breake off your talke,
And giue vs notice of his inclination,
For we to morrow hold diuided counsels
Wherein thy selfe shall highly be imployed.
Glo. Commend me to L. *William*, tell him *Catesby*
His ancient knot of dangerous aduersaries
To morrow are let blood at *Pomfret* Castle,
And bid my friends for ioy of this good newes,
Giue ~~gentle~~ Mis *Shore* one gentle kisse the more.
Buc. Good *Catesby* effect this businesse soundly.
Cat. My good Lords both, with all the heed I may.
Glo. Shall we heare from you *Catesby* ere we sleepe?
Cat. You shall my Lord. *Exit Catesby.*
Glo. At *Crosby* place there shall you find vs both.
Buc. Now my Lord, what shall we doe if we perceiue
William Lord *Hastings* will not yeild to our complots?
Glo. Chop off his head man, some what we will doe,
And looke when I am King, claime thou of me
The Earledome of *Herford* and the moueables,
Whereof the King my brother stood possest.
Buc. Ile claime that promise at your hands.
Glo. And looke to haue it yealded with willingnesse.
Come let vs sup betimes, that afterwards
we may digest our complots in some forme *Exeunt.*

Enter a messenger to Lord Hastings.

Mess. What ho my Lord.
Hast. Who knocks at the doore?
Mess. A messenger from the Lord *Stanley*. *Enter Lo. Hast.*
Hast. Whats a Clocke?
Mess. Vpon the stroke of foure.
Hast. Cannot thy master sleepe the tedious night?
Mess. So it should seeme by that I haue to say:

First he commends him to your noble Lordship.
Hast. And then. *Mes.* And then he sends you word
He dreamt to night, the Boare had cast his helme:
Besides he sayes, there are two counsels held,
And that many be determined at the one,
Which may make you and him to rew at the other,
Therefore he sends to know your Lordships pleasure:
If presently you will take horse with him,
And with all speed post into the North,
To shun the danger that his soule diuines.
Hast. Good fellow goe, returne vnto my Lord,
Bid him not feare the seperated counsels;
His honour and my selfe are at the one,
And at the other is my seruant *Catesby*:
Where nothing can proceed that toucheth vs,
Whereof I shall not haue intelligence.
Tell him his feares are shallow, wanting instancy,
And for his dreames, I wonder he is so fond
To trust the mockery of vnquiet slumbers.
To flie the Bore before the Bore persues vs,
Were to incense the Boare to follow vs,
And make pursuit where he did meane to chase:
Go bid thy master rise and come to me,
And we will both together to the Tower,
Where he shall see the Boare will vs kindly,
Mes. My gracious Lord, ile tell him what you say. *Exit.*

Enter Catesby to Lord Hastings.

Cat. Many good morrows to my noble Lord.
Hast. Good morrow *Catesby*: you are early stirring,
What news, what news, in this our tottering state?
Cat. It is a reeling world indeed my Lord,
And I beleeue twill neuer stand vpright
Till *Richard* weare the Garland of the Realme.
Hast. How? weare the Garland? dost thou meane the Crowne?
Cat. I my good Lord.
Hast. Ile haue this crowne of mine cut from my shoulders,
Ere I will see the Crowne so foule misplast;
But canst thou guesse that he doth ayme at it?
Cat. Vpon my life my L. and hopes to find you forward

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *Richard III* (STC 22321) LONDON, 1634 THE BODLEIAN LIBRARY (Arch. G e.24) Octavo